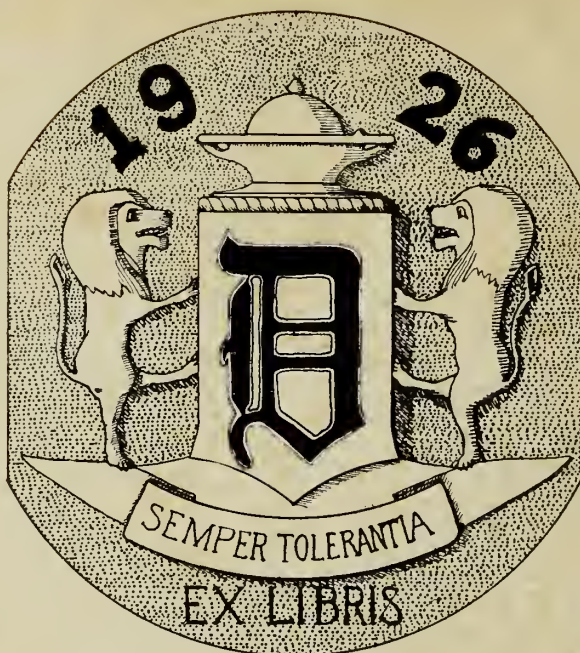


The
MILESTONE



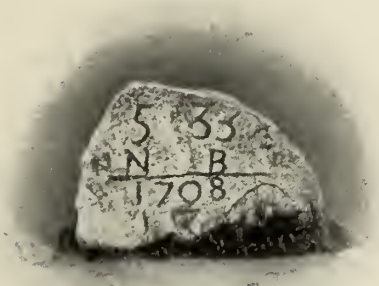
*Gift of Mrs. John F. Moore
December 1954*

Compliments
of
The Class of
1926

The Milestone

DESIGNED AND PRINTED BY
NEWBURYPORT HERALD PRESS
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

The Milestone



1926



The Milestone

PUBLISHED BY THE

Senior Class of Dummer Academy

GERALD MAY	Editor-in-Chief
ROBERT JAMES MCGINLEY	Associate Editor
LAWRENCE WILBUR KENNEY	Business Manager
NORMAN SCHULTZ	Art Editor
JOHN WINTHROP HINDS	Circulation Manager

SOUTH BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

June, 1926



JOHN HAMILTON MORSE

DEDICATION

To John Hamilton Morse, a graduate of Dummer in the Class of 1885, in recognition of his great services to the school and especially for his generous provision for the health and happiness of ourselves and our successors, this book is affectionately dedicated.



CHARLES SAMUEL INGHAM, Headmaster

B. A., Yale, 1891
Ph. D., Yale, 1896

T H E M I L E S T O N E

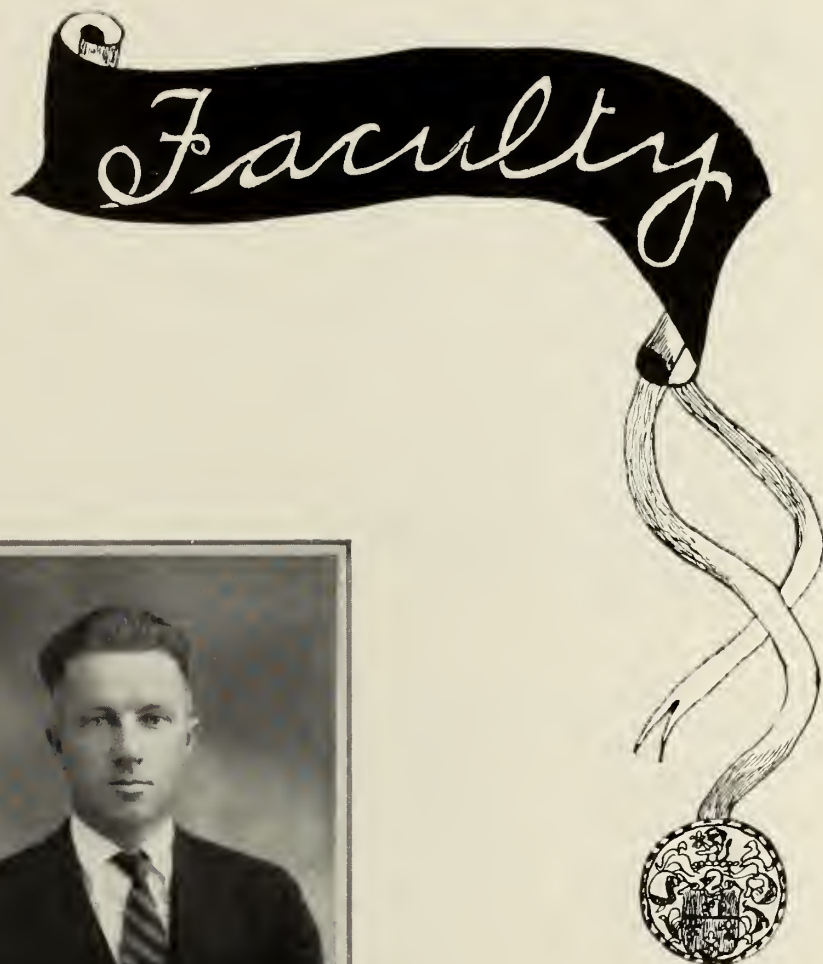
APPRECIATION

MR. FLOYD EAST JARVIS

JAMES W. BRIDGES, '27

RUSSELL D. HAMILTON, '27

DR. CHARLES S. INGHAM



WALTER JOHN FARRELL

Assistant to the Headmaster
A. B. Boston University, 1904
Mathematics
Athletic Director
Faculty Adviser for *The Archon*

T H E M I L E S T O N E



FLOYD EAST JARVIS

A. B. University of Michigan, 1916
Harvard Graduate School
English
Master of Moody House
Faculty Adviser for *The Mile-
stone*

PAUL WILLIAM LEHMANN

A. B. Clark College, 1923
Junior School Instructor
Faculty Adviser for the Dramatic
Club
Master of The Commons



T H E M I L E S T O N E



ROBERT TITUS PHILLIPS

A. B. Bowdoin, 1925
French, Latin, Spanish

FRANCIS JOSEPH REAGAN

Bates, 1914
Lowell Normal School
Registrar
Commercial subjects
Coach of Baseball and Basketball
Master of Pierce Hall



T H E M I L E S T O N E



PHILIP BALDWIN SKERRYE

Harvard, 1920

History

Coach of Golf

Master of Perkins Hall

GILBERT MARION SMITH

B. A. St. Stephens, 1925

French

Latin

Coach of Junior Football





STEPHEN WEBBER

Harvard, 1921

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Mathematics

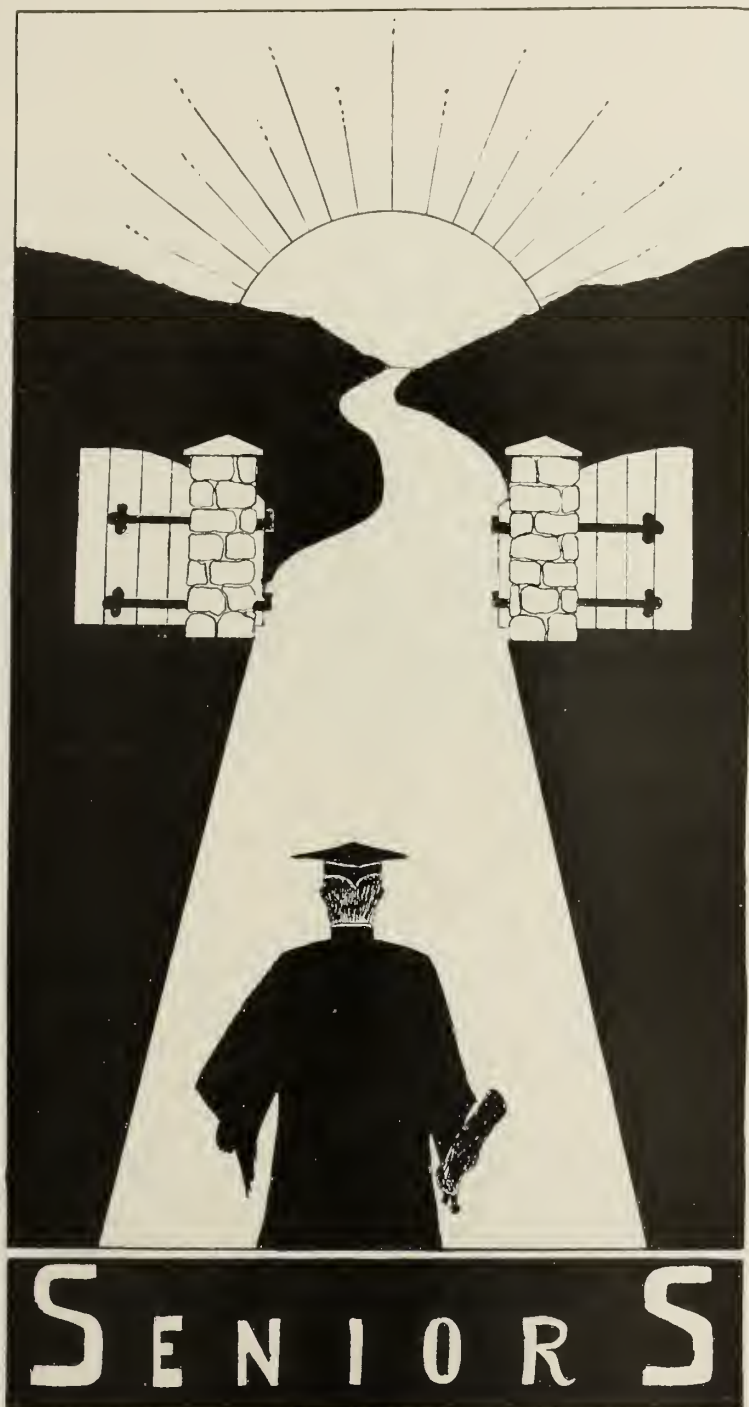
Science

Mechanical Drawing

Coach of Tennis



THE MASON COTTAGE





JOHN WINTHROP HINDS

Milford, N. H.

General Course

Entered school 1921. Preparing for New Hampshire State

President of the Senior Class '26

Student Council '24, '26

Junior Prom Committee '24, '25

Football Dance Committee '24, '25

Smoking Club '26

Goodwin Athletic Prize '24

Football '23, '24, '25

Basketball '22, '23

Captain '24, '25, '26

Baseball '22, '23, '26

Captain '24, '25

Track '24, '25, '26

"Doc"

Here we have a strong silent man. Female hearts flutter at sight of this brute, and then crack and break as he goes on his unheeding way. For John sticks faithfully to a certain blonde in the New Hampshire Hills.

As an athlete we must bow to him. The best back that Dummer has ever produced, a star basket-ball player, dash man, shot-putter, anchor-man on the relay team, and catcher on the baseball team. Not so bad for one small boy.

"Doc" is also a loyal member of the Smoking Club, and spec player, par excellence.

His drag with the faculty is a thing marvelous to behold, and the envy of all us humble beholders. If we rated as he does, school wouldn't keep. But we don't, so Dummer rolls on.

In practicing for his future profession of plumbing, he usually forgets to do his work, but now and then he is condescending, and prepares a lesson.

A good scout, though, and Dummer will feel his loss.

"10 o'clock! Lights out! Five marks, Albiani!"



FREDERICK CHARLES
ALEXANDER

Winchester, Mass.

Scientific Course
Entered school 1924
Preparing for M. I. T.
Manager of Football '25
Manager of Baseball '25
Manager of Hockey '26
Class Historian '25

"Alex"

The boy with the tired eyes—more commonly known as "Weary Willie". Alex is a worker though, as the foot-ball and hockey teams can testify. He was assistant manager of one, and manager of the other. Between times he played trainer for the track team.

But it always makes me sleepy to look at him.

Last fall Alex started getting behind some cigars. It seems he couldn't control them, and they played all kinds of havoc with his fragile constitution. But he has gotten over that now, and is his former self.

He is heading for M. I. T. where men aren't men, but greasy grinds. It is our personal opinion that he tries to look tired so his family will think he has been working. Just an emergency measure in case the grade should prove too steep. We think he'll make it though.

We caught him reading Plato in his spare time, which is reason enough for our confidence.



DANIEL ADAMS BROWN

Newbury, Mass.

Classical Course

Entered school 1922

Preparing for New Hampshire
State

"Dan"

The quietest boy in Dummer Academy—so quiet, indeed, that one day Mr. Phillips asked in the study hall, "Is Dan Brown still in school?" Whereupon Dan promptly gave proof of his presence with a few well chosen words, breaking a silence of many weeks. We haven't heard from him since. One could easily imagine Dan as the old owl perched on an oak who "the more he heard, the less he spoke." But because he is so quiet and bashful, I can't find out anything about him and thereby hangs the tale.

"What ho! Dannello, my lord!"



JOHN SAMUEL BRIDGES

Baltimore, Md.

Scientific Course

Entered school 1924

Preparing for the University of
Pennsylvania

Orchestra '26

Mid-year Prom Committee '26

Asst. Gym Instructor

Football '24, '25

Tennis '25, '26

"Sam"

The acme of manly beauty and physical perfection. Playmate of Earl Liederman and Charley Atlas. His best friend, a dumb-bell.

Every other night this superman pulls from beneath his desk a wicked looking contrivance, and amid cheers from the spectators, and much grunting and sweating, proceeds to assume odd positions and make weird passes.

Each month he collects magazines devoted to physical culture, but containing, as far as we can make out, numerous studies of the feminine nude with an occasional hairy ape.

"Sam" was pivot man on the foot-ball team, a member of the track squad, and the tennis team. He engineered the Mid-Year Prom, taking the important part of Permanent Relief Man. When the cash-box got overloaded "Sam" relieved it promptly and permanently.

But he worked hard, and the dance was a success, although Dr. Ing-ham seemed to have an uncomplimentary opinion of the orchestra.

Next year Sam trots off to Penn, leaving Dummer with a place that will not be filled easily.



ROBERT CAMERON CARTER
JR.

Glens Falls, New York

Classical Course

Entered school 1925

Preparing for Hamilton College

Football Squad '25

Tennis Squad '26

"Nick"

Nick is one of our little cut-ups. French III is usually the scene of his straying from the straight and narrow path. He gets up and beats the boys mercilessly, showing neither fear nor favor.

Up on the top floor of Commons where Nick resides there sometimes arise foul and rank odors. Scientists are unable to discover the reason for these, although "Nick" Schultz has advanced some logical theories. We are unable as yet to make these public, but hope to after a little more research work.

One thing which does make us mighty proud of Nick, and that is the way he does the Charleston, or in fact any way he dances. Every muscle in his body comes into play in a sort of cross between the shimmy and the Saint Vitus dance.

Nick went out for football, but hurt his leg. He dragged it around in a plaster cast for a good while. Before that he was a very promising drop-kicker and punter.

He had a nasty habit of sticking his tongue out at people, and was almost dropped from the squad when he caused several members to burst into tears by this unnecessary roughness.

But he was a good sort, and one who will always bring a smile when we think of him.



LAWRENCE WILBUR
KENNEY

Lynnfield, Mass.

Classical Course
Entered school 1924
Preparing for the University of
Pennsylvania
Student Council '25
Chairman (second term) '26
Football Dance Committee '25
Dramatics '26
Business Manager of the *Mile-
stone* '26
Football '24
Captain '25
Track '25
Hockey '25
Captain '26
Basketball '26
Baseball '25, '26
Smoking Club '26

"Larry"

The toothless wonder. We always rub our eyes and throw the last load of bootleg away when we see Larry with, without and then with his front teeth. Too much football has played havoc with his nippers.

Larry plays football, basketball and hockey, and runs on the track team in spare time.

He fondly believes that he plays the saxophone, but the general opinion seems to be to the contrary.

He is a member of the Smoking Club, and ofttimes joins "Smiling Robert" in spreading tobacco juice over the mural decorations. Larry is a member of the "Student Council", which may or may not be to his credit.

He is not the sort of boy to take advantage of his position, so we do not resent his "Lights Out or Five Marks."

Larry is going to follow his father's footsteps in the cruel, cold world. His father being a shoe manufacturer, his job should be comparatively easy.

We rather think he will get ahead because he is a consistent plugger, and is not given to unmanly dissipations.

At least we wish him luck.

"Well, here we go!"



GERALD MAY

Boston, Mass.

Classical Course
Entered school 1921
Preparing for Williams
Student Council '24, '25
Chairman '26 (first term)
President of the Class of 1926, '25
Vice President '23, '24
Associate Editor of the *Archon*
'25, '26
Editor-in-chief of the *Milestone* '26
Dramatic Club '26
Manager of the School Store '25,
'26
Prize for best record in the Junior
School '22
Moody Kent prize in English '23,
'25
2nd prize Ambrose Prize Speaking
Contest '24, '25
Associate Harvard Club Prize '25
Captain of the 2nd team, football
'24
Basketball Squad '25
Varsity football '25

"Jerry"

"Men may come and men may go, but May will always have his Latin."

Considering the violent and almost vulgar language with which he characterizes this dear old subject we must bow to him for his persistent study. We caught him doing it the first night of a new term, and ever since then we have gazed with awe at this prodigy.

"Jerry" played on the foot-ball team, and then decided to take a rest. He joined John Bridges and his aspiring, but not perspiring gymnasts.

Jerry is an Archoner and a Milestoner, especially the latter, being the power plant of this publication. It has netted him a lot of work and a lot of days off. But he earned them, so we shouldn't kick.

He is the boy who introduced a "particularly fine specimen of felinity" into the time-worn halls of the Commons. That cat was the joy and fear of his life, and caused him beaucoup trouble in its day. It was also the two-yard dash champion.

We can picture Jerry as a college trained cat trainer.



ROBERT JAMES MCGINLEY

So. Groveland,, Mass.

Classical Course

Entered school 1924

Preparing for Brown University

Associate Editor of the *Milestone*
1926

Associate Editor of the *Archon*
'25, '26

Smoking Club '25, '26

Dalton Hamor Prize '25

Baseball '25, '26

Track '25, '26

Basketball '26

"Mac"

"Smiling" Robert, the Haverhill youth. Bob is one of our star athletes, lead-off man on the relay team, a consistent winner of the twenty and three hundred, forward on the basket-ball team, and about the best baseball player we have produced.

He is also one of our well-known Spanish athletes, or bull-throwers. This is perhaps his strongest point.

As a member of the Smoking Club he leaves little to be desired. Some of the choicest ornaments on our walls are where Bob has parted with some of his Lumberjack Cut Plug. He is also a good "spec" player, a thing which arouses admiration in the breast of all Dummer youths.

"Bob" appears to be of a missionary calibre. After hearing him stub his toe one day we think he might not be so good. Either that or very good.

But we all have our weaknesses and we all have toes. So we cannot let that little fault overbalance his good points.

"Why, listen man . . . etc. . . . etc."



WILLIAM C. MORRISON

Bradford, Mass.

Classical Course

Entered school 1925

Preparing for Dartmouth

Track Squad '26

Tennis Squad '26

"Bill"

Here we have the only boy in our class who has so many girls that he has to spend days in trying to decide which one to bring to a dance. William has yet to painfully learn that "no man can serve two sorority sisters."

"Bill's" greatest ambition, made of stern stuff, is to be able to write his name "W. Charles Morrison" instead of "William C." He has been brazen enough to try it once—but only once.

I hate to see a good man go wrong; early in the year Bill fell under the evil influence of Horr and May and has never been the same since. But nevertheless he is a good fellow and still brushes his teeth regularly, although he should learn to let the women alone; in fact, his actions in the Strand Theatre in Newburyport necessitated a letter from the manager—Haverhill matrons please take notice.



HAROLD ALFRED SLATER

Pine Brush, New York

Scientific Course

Entered school 1925

Preparing for New York University

"Hal"

This is the boy who made Steinmetz die of a broken heart.

Everything electrical, or anything electrical, lights, door-bells, radios and curling irons are as simple to him as he is to us.

He has his room wired with burglar alarms, electric mouse-traps, magnetic fly seducers and, towering over everything a bottle filled, not with stove-blackening, but the enemy of that insidious thing that makes your best friend a total flop.

As an athlete "Hal" was content to be an interested observer of us lesser and more low-brow mortals. He did occasionally favor the gym class with his presence, but otherwise was content to rest on his laurels.

He has preserved that school-girl complexion wonderfully, but his chief pride and joy is his hair, always smoothly combed, and reflecting the sunlight. Usually there is a fly or two who have skidded and broken their wings, or a layer of dust such as one sees on varnished tables.

But he is a good boy, really reads the Bible every night, and writes to his blonde mama every day.

Some day we expect to hear great things of him—some day—not *very* far off.



RALPH EMERTON SLEEPER

Rowley, Mass.

Scientific Course

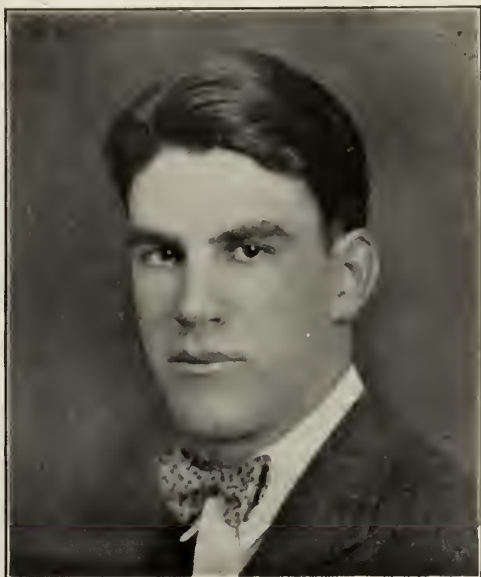
Entered school 1921

Preparing for New Hampshire
State

Baseball '24, '25, '26

“Sleepy”

This generation of Dummerites will always remember Ralph Sleeper as the little boy who went around with needles in the toes of his shoes for use on one's posterior extremity in classes. He used to be full of such playful and highly entertaining, as well as elevating, tricks until after the Junior Prom when a subtle change was noticeable. His hair was neatly combed; his shoes were neatly polished; he began to carry a finger-nail file. “In the spring a young man's fancy often turns to . . . etc.” Still we can hardly think this of our star left-fielder, but evidently it is the sad, sad, bitter truth.



WESLEY JOHN WHITE

Portland, Maine

Classical Course
Entered school 1924
Preparing for Tufts
Football '24, '25
Track '25
Captain '26
Baseball '25
Captain '26
Basketball '26

"Charley

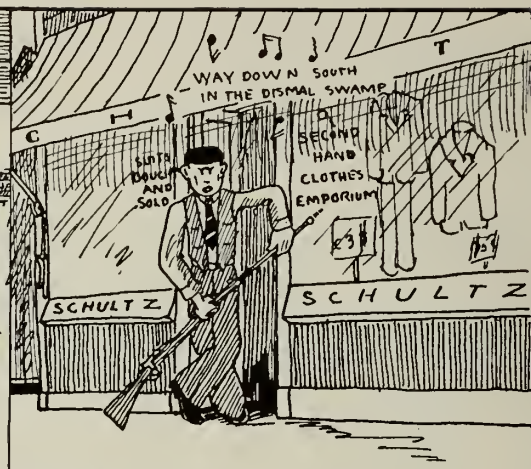
Here we have the woman-hater 'par excellence'. To mention women to Charley is the same pleasant occupation as selling red-flannels to a bull. We wonder if this boy will ever get a girl. It is very doubtful, but time may erase some of his prejudices.

"Chuck" is an athlete. That is not sarcasm. To see him win the 1000, the 600, and then to open up a lead on the relay is enough to make anybody perform an undignified series of acrobatic stunts in an adjacent snow-drift. He has yet to be headed on the track. Besides playing in the backfield on the football team, and on the basketball team, Charley is the captain and pitcher of our nine.

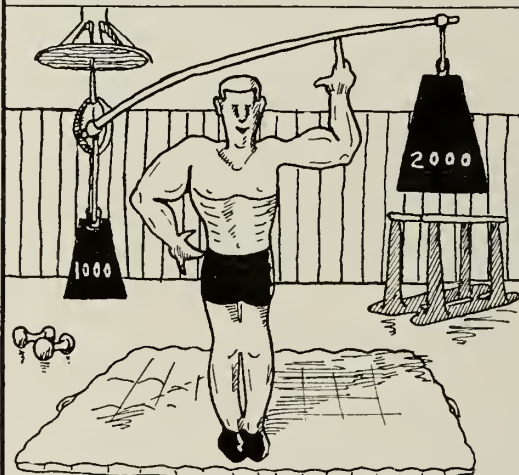
Charles is the proud possessor of a letter from the Bell Telephone Co., saying that they trace their sudden increase in business directly to him. We wanted to reproduce that letter here, but modesty—his of course—forbade.



JOHN HINDS



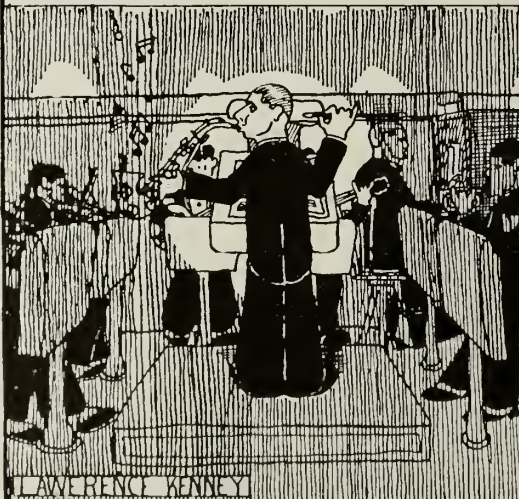
NORMAN SCHULTZ



JOHN BRIDGES



WILLIAM MORRISON

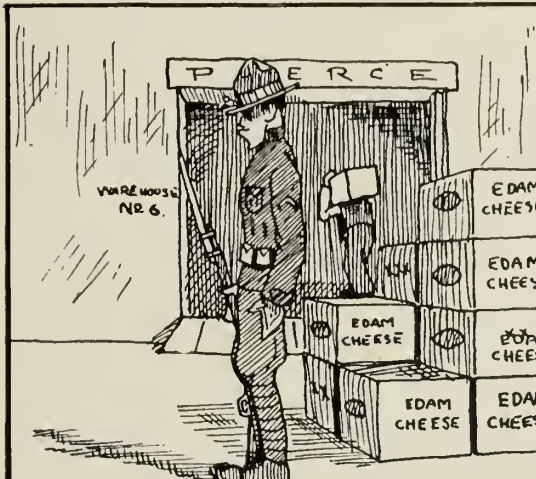


LAWRENCE KENNEY

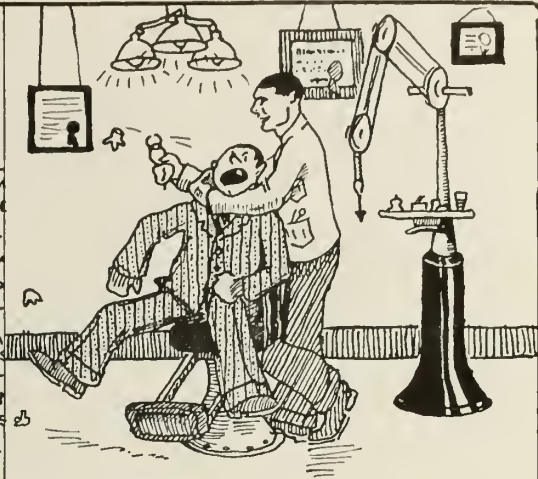


GERALD MAY

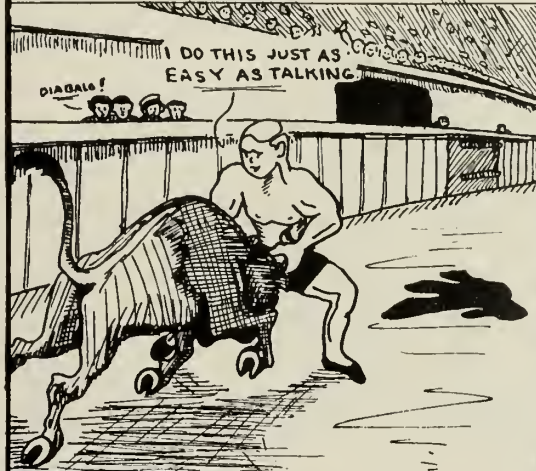
CLASS PROPHECY



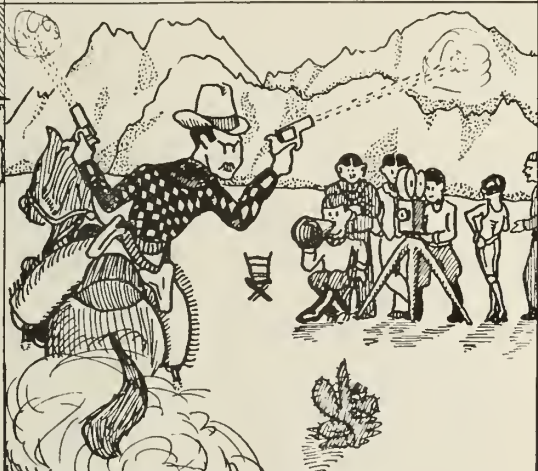
FREDERICK ALEXANDER



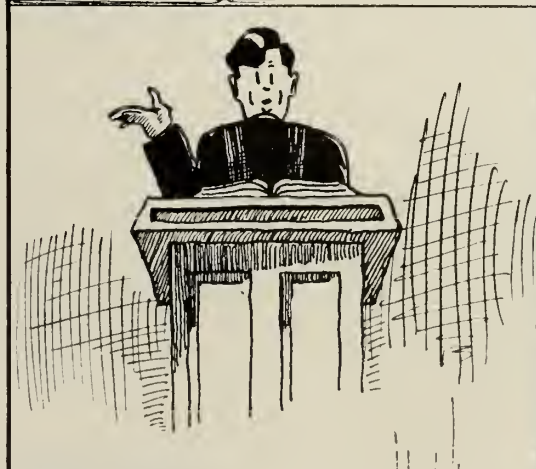
WESLEY WHITE



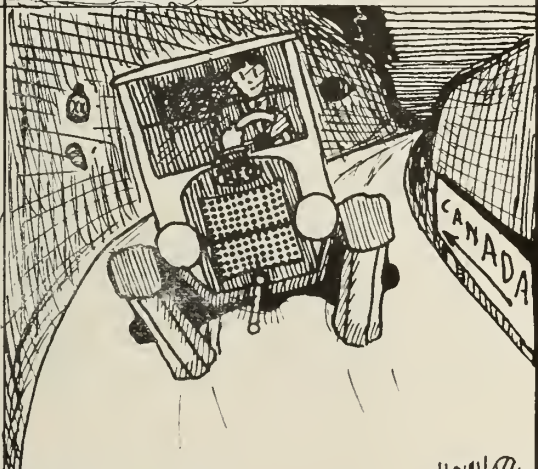
ROBERT MCGINLEY



ROBERT CARTER



DANIEL BROWN



RALPH SLEEPER

T H E M I L E S T O N E



PEIRCE HALL

Juniors



1927



FRANK LEE MCKINNEY, President

T H E M I L E S T O N E



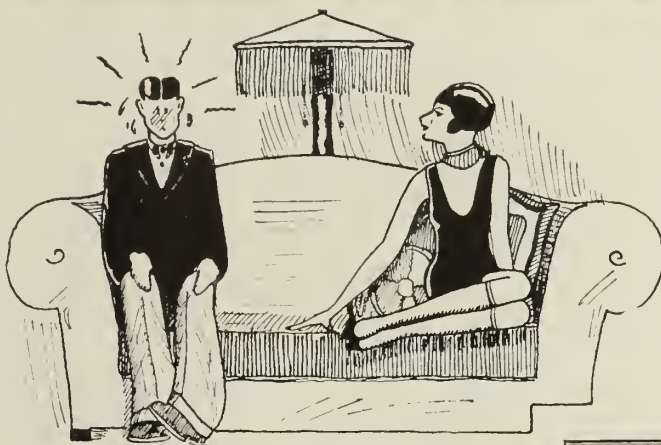
OFFICERS

Frank Lee McKinney	President
George Murchie Haley.....	Vice-President
John Phillip English.....	Secretary
Elvin Hathaway Cox.....	Treasurer

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Albiani, Peter Joseph Budgell, Walter James, 2nd Calderwood, John Dimock Cox, Elvin Hathaway English, John Phillip Fearnside, Thomas Ashley Haley, George Murchie Hamilton, Russell Dike Jackson, Eben Lane, Warren Spencer	Lawson, Leonard Stuart McKinney, Frank Leo Padula, Alfred Ferdinand Pickering, Norton Wright Pillsbury, Henry Bourne Sawyer, Lawrence White Scott, Russel Hermon Sloane, Ronald Robie Van Etten, Jack Seaman Woodward, Edmund Foster
--	---

Sophs



1928



EDWARD GARFIELD HART, President

T H E M I L E S T O N E



OFFICERS

Edward Garfield Hart.....	President
Richard Chapin Griggs.....	Vice-President
David Nues Carvalho Hyams.....	Secretary
Carl John Edward Gove.....	Class Historian

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Bottger, William Carl
 Chase, Roland Phillips
 Fitzsimmons, Robert LaFond
 Gove, Carl John Edward
 Griggs, Richard Chapin
 Hart, Edward Garfield

Hyams, David Nues Carvalho
 Martinez, Ramon
 Moulton, Richard Hammond
 Palmer, Stephen Billings
 Van Etten, Willet Dec

Frosh



1929



ROY WILLIAM LOVETT, President



OFFICERS

Roy William Lovett.....	President
Conway Schultz.....	Vice-President
Foster L. Brown.....	Secretary

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Best, George Edgar	Lovett, Roy William
Brown, Foster Linwood	Miller, Richard
Burch, Edwin Charles	Schultz, Conway
Chandler, John Parker Hale, Jr.	Steinharter, Lawrence Charles
Cox, Mann Ulric	Walker, Malcomb Swain
Cutler, Granville Keith	Whyte, Howard Thomas

JUNIOR SCHOOL



KENNETH CLEVELAND BELL, President

T H E M I L E S T O N E



OFFICERS

Kenneth Cleveland Bell.....	President
Wilbur Hammond Russell, Jr.....	Vice-President
Robert Appleton Hale.....	Secretary

JUNIOR SCHOOL ROLL

Bell, Kenneth Cleveland
 Chase, Charles Stuart
 Fernandez, Carlos
 Grant, Owen, Jr.
 Haag, Jesse Robert
 Hale, Robert Appleton
 Learned, John Palmer
 McKenzie, Stuart Arnold

Morril, Frank Forrest
 Ortega, Pablo Llata
 Russell, Wilbur Hammond
 Smith, Talbot
 Tate, James Donge
 Wagner, Richard Daniel
 Walker, Thomas Simpson
 Whitehead, Walter, Jr.

SPECIAL STUDENTS

Bridges, James W.
Horr, Albert Winslow

Schultz, Norman

HONOR ROLL

UPPER SCHOOL

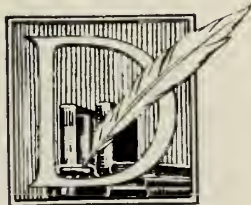
Bridges, John S.
Budgell, Walter J.
Cutler, Granville K.
Fearnside, Thomas A.
Gove, Karl K. E.
Hamilton, Russell D.
Horr, Albert W. Jr.
Hyams, David N. C.
Kenney, Lawrence W.

Ladds, Edward G. G.
Lovett, Roy W.
Martinez, Ramon
May, Gerald
McGinley, Robert J.
Morrison, William C.
Pickering, Norton W.
Schultz, Conway
Steinharter, Lawrence C.

LOWER SCHOOL

Fernandez, Carlos
Grant, Owen
Haag, Jesse R.
Learned, John P.

McKenzie, Stuart A.
Ortega, Pablo L.
Tate, James D.
Walker, Thomas





STAIRWAY IN MANSION HOUSE



F.E. Jarvis

LITERATURE

ONE AMONG MANY

Milestone Short Story Contest. 1926.

Won by Russell D. Hamilton, '27

The great war that was waged from August, 1914, to November, 1918, was the most momentous of history. This story is of that struggle; it happened to many. My tale begins in December, 1917.

I.

THE recruiting sergeant looked around the bare recruiting office. He was tired, and the whole office reflected his fatigue after the first draft rushes. Many scratches of shoes of all descriptions marred the rail in front of the sergeant's desk, and the railing sagged as if tired after a long fight. Everything but the files and the typewriter were covered with dust. The door at this moment creaked open on un-oiled hinges.

A young man entered. He was tall and well built; he had brown wavy hair, brown eyes, a handsome nose, and a smiling mouth. The sergeant looked him over critically. He seemed a cool specimen of young American manhood. He bent the rail farther as he leaned on it.

"I've decided to join your army," he said calmly.

"Name?" said the sergeant shortly.

"James Reid."

"Age?"

"Twenty."

There were other questions of no importance to us. Let me take the time to tell something about James Reid, aged twenty. The preceding June he had graduated from preparatory school after loafing through six years attempting to get an education. When the call for men came, he

had entered in his first year at college and was about to flunk out. He chose the War for recreation.

The sergeant spoke again, "What branch of the service d'you want to enter?"

"What branches you got?"

The sergeant looked up; he had judged this fellow correctly as being cool.

"Artillery, cavalry, infantry,—"

"Put me in that."

"All right," said the sergeant, "sign here."

James signed.

Jim's company went to Paris to show up the French army. An indefinite stay in gay Paree before the front and its discomforts. Paris greeted the Americans with delight; they had paraded to show the civilians what a few months training and "l'ecole du soldat" did to a recruit. Later they were free to parade alone.

Jim and another, a school friend who had lived in Paris and knew, France, French, and the French people, were parading the Champs Elysees. "Wally" Atwell, the comrade in arms, was shorter and lighter than Jim, had light hair and eyes and a way with army slang which aroused the envy of the recruits when they first heard it. He was pointing out sights of interest with all the art of an experienced sight-seeing conductor to an unheeding Jim. Jim's eyes were on the French populace. Most of the men were soldiers, some wounded. Jim wondered if he would walk the Champs Elysees again with a bandage or a crutch, maybe. There were women—Jim noted the younger feminine with satisfaction. He broke into his friend's discourse.

"Say, bo, these Frog mamselles are some queens, ness pah?"

"Mebbie you'd like to meet one, huh?" returned the interrupted Wally, who had been duly impressed by the French "mamselles" on his own first visit. "Now I know a nice little doll who lives down the Avenoo a way."

"Tha's me all over, Mabel; lead me to her, pardner." affirmed James.

They continued in silence and finally turned in at a mansion on the left. Jim reviewed his prep school French rapidly and looked at the house.

"Rich, huh?" he inquired.

"Darn tootin'," said Wally, "Now lay off the slang; you're goin' to

meet up with high class Parisians. They don't speak the vulgar army dialect. Combien can you speak French, huh?"

"A little, mon vieux."

"Well, if you're not sure of your verb forms, don't get too flashy with your conjunctions. You might fall into a subjunctive or something."

"Oh, yeah, I remember those lousy things. Sure, I'll be careful."

They went up to the front door, and Wally pulled the bell. They heard it ring from within. They waited. Wally looked back over the lawn and drive with a gaze that memory illuminated.

"Yeah," he said, "same old place. Boy, I'll sure be glad to see Yvonne again. She's one pretty girl."

"Yvonne's her name?"

"Oui, now don't forget that 'oui' means 'yes', and 'non' means 'no'. An' remember the flukey constructions. I hear the maid coming."

The door was opened by an attractive French maid who said something to Wally that Jim did not understand. He didn't know as much French as he thought; it wasn't his fault he didn't pay attention in classes at school. The boys used to fool so.

Wally answered in like manner, fluent and rapid; and the maid ushered them into a long hall tastefully decorated and excellently furnished. She took their hats and left them. Jim started after her, but Wally checked him.

"Where d'you think you're goin', you big embus-kay? This ain't no bread line. She's just gone to tell the family I'm her.e Don' be in a hurry. This is Paris, not Camp Devens."

The maid returned, spoke to Wally, and held aside a curtain. Wally stepped boldly by it, meekly followed by Jim, into a large salon as fashionably fitted out as the hallway. A grand piano stood in the farther corner; a table stood near the large French windows opening onto a charming garden. On the left was a fireplace with a fire that threw wierd shadows on the divan in front of it. Some easy chairs, a large bookcase, and two reading lamps completed the furnishings.

Their presence was announced, and a lady seated at the piano turned toward them. She was a portly, pleasant-faced woman, with graying hair and brown eyes. She saw Wally and came forward to greet him.

"Ah," she said, "Monsieur Atwell, je me souvien bien de lui. Je suis

heureuse de vous voir encore. Yvonne serait aussi. Mais qui est votre ami?"

Jim followed this maze as best he could gathering that she was glad to see Wally and wanted to know who he was. He didn't get quite what she said about Yvonne. He looked around for Yvonne—whoever she was.

Wally was speaking, "Madame Arnoton, c'est Monsieur James Reid, un bon ami du mien. Jim, this is Madame Arnoton."

Jim never remembered how he got through that introduction, but he managed somehow. Wally and Madame talked French rapidly; Jim contributed to the silence. However, the wine that was brought was excellent, and he gave up his attempt to follow the conversation. He was sitting on the divan watching the fire and considering the age of the wine when he felt someone sit down beside him. Madame and Wally were absorbed in the talk, oblivious to all else. Jim turned and looked.

Brown eyes, pert nose, and cute, smiling mouth set in an oval face framed in dark brown hair greeted and refreshed his glance. Gray dress edged with fur, trim ankles below the fringe, and high-heeled French shoes; she sat altogether adorable in the firelight.

She laughed (he could see pearly, even teeth beneath the laughing lips), "Vous ne parlez pas Francais?" A light, happy voice she had.

"No sorrow in this home," he thought. Aloud he said, "Not so good. Parlez-vous Anglais, huh?"

"A little, mon vieux," she replied and laughed again.

That was just what he had said. She might have seen them coming up the drive and overheard his remark. She was certainly pretty, but she couldn't compare, in his estimation, with the little blonde who had smiled at him back on the "Avenoo". He had turned away; now he became aware that she was watching him. He faced her; she dropped her eyes hurriedly.

Madame Arnoton saw her then. Introductions were again in order; Jim rose with Wally. Madame performed the honors.

"Monsieur Reid, Mlle. Yvonne Arnoton."

The conversation became more general then. Both women displayed a good general knowledge of English—better, anyway, than Jim's knowledge of French. Mademoiselle proved to be an artiste, and Madame proud-

ly showed Yvonne's pictures. She had painted several "after the battle" scenes from life while on Y. M. C. A. work.

However the visit could not last always; soldiers must return to their quarters. Wally and Jim had to leave if Madame would permit. Madame would if it was necessary, and do come again before leaving Paris. Yvonne saw them to the door, let them kiss her hand—long fingered, delicate, exquisitely manicured; Jim felt a square of paper pressed into his hand. He slipped it into his pocket, forgot about it.

They were going down the drive. Yvonne stood at the door watching them—the taller of them. They gained the avenue and disappeared; the door closed slowly.

II.

The company went to rest billets at a little town on the Marne River after five days at Paris. Crouette-sur-Marne was not Paris; but then it was not the front either, although to the north and east could be heard the rumbling and growling of the artillery. The company attached itself to the 1st Battalion of Marines, which was badly cut to pieces after long days of attacking and holding from Hill 142 on the right to Vaux on the left.

The veterans took little interest in the war; but to Wally and Jim and certain others, who had not received their baptism of fire yet, it was a source of much speculation. The Bois-de-Belleau-Bouresches area, scene of hard and unpleasant fighting, was not far away; and the loud and continuous noise of guns could be heard in the direction of Chateau-Thierry, up the river. July 14th came, and the noise of the artillery grew nearer; Crouette was in range of the Boche heavies.

Early the next morning Jim was awakened by a heavy crash and a trembling of the earth. There were shouts; a sergeant yelling, "Turn out! Turn out! Get t' hell outside and fall in!" Jim tumbled out of his blanket and was thrown to the earth by a violent concussion somewhere outside. He picked himself up, saw others do the same, grabbed his helmet and gun, and ran out the door. Soldiers crowded the street; Jim found his company and fell in next to Wally, who shouted in his ear, "Nine inches!" Later, "I hope these babies fall where I am not!" The battalion stood under arms until the shelling stopped regretting the lost sleep—the last for many.

That day there was further shelling, and the heavy guns were nearer. The battalion held itself in readiness all that day and night. At noon on the 16th the rolling kitchens left, and toward evening the companies

fell in and left also. They passed through other towns at which other battalions of the Fifth Marines had been quartered; they passed the sixth regiment. One by one the companies took the road until the whole Marine Brigade was hiking down the Marne in the lengthening shadows.

A long column of camions drawn up at the side of the road greeted the eyes of the 1st Battalion as they rounded a curve in the road. The veterans growled. "Camions! Recruits, set yo'selves for the comfort of sardines." "Yeh, we're goin' somewhere uncomfortable." Jim had heard of camions; now he examined them closely. Small wheels, no springs, heavy truck body, noisy engine; these make up the camion, the sour milk of war conveyances.

The platoons crammed themselves in, and the long train started. Jim recollected the crowded cars in which they had come up from Paris; crowded then, the wide open spaces now. The men conversed in short sentences; there is not much room even for talk in camions. "Omigosh, what an ungodly racket. . . . When do we disembark, huh? . . . Dunno, but I hope it's dam' soon. . . . Boys, how in hell do we sleep in these things? . . . Say, this guerre is wearin' on a guy . . . "

In the mid-forenoon of the next day the line stopped; the files oozed out on cramped legs and fell in on the right of the road. They tightened slings and settled equipment for a long and forced march. The command came, "Squads right March!" Company after company, the first Battalion filed by, then other battalions of the 5th and after them the 6th.

After a day and a night of continuous marching with only short rests, Jim was too tired even to swear. The night had been the most trying experience he had ever been through. They had marched through a wood on a road crowded with three files of traffic, all moving forward. On the right was a ditch six feet deep into which men fell and broke arms and legs. The darkness was impenetrable, and each man in the darkness had to follow the route by holding on to the pack of the man in front of him. It had rained.

Dawn came. The column at last halted, and the men looked eagerly for food not of which was to be seen or smelt. The officers went into conference. The files waited at ease. Finally the knot of officers broke up, and attack formation was formed in the wood. Again the soldiers waited, this time with bayonets fixed and all aslant in the sun. Jim felt what was going to happen; there was going to be a—

The air suddenly roared as the artillery in the rear opened fire. Shells

of all calibres shrieked and howled through the dawn to land in the Boche defenses only rods away. Jim saw his captain's hand go forward; the line started moving—also forward, following the barrage which lasted only five minutes. It ceased with an abruptness which left Jim's ears ringing, torturing his head.

He considered his position. He was on the left flank of the line, Wally on his right, and a tall, rangy corporal on his left. The Boche counter barrage came, but it was weak and only bothered the support columns to the rear. The line was right on the edge of the recent shell-scarred area where the Allied barrage had done its worst. Trees were lopped off, uprooted, split; barbed wire entanglements were wiped out, rifle pits exterminated; such were the marks of the heavies and the seventy-fives. Jim wondered where the enemy was.

Suddenly a rifle cracked, a few more followed; a man in the center of the line went down on his face. Jim stumbled over some wire and fell just as a machine gun opened fire from the tangle directly in front. He saw the lanky corporal, a veteran of Chateau-Thierry, take a grenade from his pocket, jerk out the pin with his teeth, and hurl it toward the chattering gun. There was a heavy, coughing explosion as the bomb burst, and the gun ceased firing. Jim staggered to his feet and with Wally and the corporal rushed the emplacement. There was a dead German across the gun and his countrymen were trying to drag him from the mechanism. A small crater showed where the grenade had exploded. There were two living Germans in the pit; one of them aimed a pistol, and the corporal fired his rifle—exit Boche. Wally took care of the other.

The three climbed out of the pit and looked around. On the right was another Maxim holding its front against all comers. Jim could see the operator; he kneeled and fired, and the Boche collapsed. The line once more advanced.

The battle swept on into the wood held by three lines of Maxim machine guns. Men silenced them by killing the crew from behind trees, silenced them by flank attacks and grenades, silenced them by blind, furious rushes leaving a trail of dead and wounded, but always getting one or two raging Marines into the emplacement, and then woe to the Boche who resisted. Fighting was fast and furious; machine guns dinned, and men cursed. Cries of, "Kamaraden, kamaraden!" could be heard above the noise of weapons. There were other sounds, clotted and unpleasant.

Jim wondered, in the thick of the fight why he did not feel tired. He

had been two days without food and three without sleep, but he had lost his weariness the minute the first machine gun had barked. It was the same with Wally and the other men; they had dropped their fatigue and jumped forward, yelling, toward the German lines. Wally found time to pant, "Bo, ain' this one dam' good fight. Look at the guys floppin' over. If I get out of this without gettin' plugged . . ." It was a bon fight after all.

The second German line had been passed, and the third line opened up on the advancing battalion. The tall corporal fell, a bullet in his leg. He waved to Jim and shouted, "Got a bon blighty. See yuh in Paris, ness pah?" Jim was glad the corporal had not been badl yhurt. He and Wally swerved to the left out of range and revenged their comrade with grenades.

The third line was taken, and the woods began to thin out. The fight roared out onto the rolling wheatland. To the right was a great paved highway, astride this road their first objective. Near it was the smoking ruin of a farmhouse from which a nest of Maxims opened a flanking fire on the troops emerging from the wood. The men checked; the raking fire mowed down the thickest part of the line.

Jim saw Wally go down, the blood from a wound in his thigh reddening the kahki. The war became deadly personal at once. Jim hurled a grenade hastily and rushed at the gun that had hit Wally. He saw his lieutenant and another private rush too. Jim's grenade had silenced the gun, but the men that had not been killed by the explosion were very much alive. The three Americans swarmed over the parapet of the emplacement and into the pit. A huge Boche rifleman swung around to face Jim, who then looked down the longest gun he had ever seen. There was a flash of flame, a report; and Jim felt the bullet rip through his right cheek bone tearing the eye muscles. He fell forward onto the smoking barrel of the German's gun throwing his own rifle as he fell. The red-dened bayonet sank into the Hun's flesh.

The guns were finally captured, and the attack halted to reform and to let the tanks take the lead. The Boche had been shelling the wood, but he now shortened his range, and shells began to fall around the farmhouse. Directed by airplanes above, the shells crashed down into a roaring murk of smoke and dust and flickers of red and green flame. The road was soon a mass of shell holes. A tank, passing near the farm, had its front blown off and was disabled by an explosion directly behind it. The attack was reformed and moved on into the wheat The crackling of

machine guns told of new obstacles to overcome. The machine of war moved up behind the advance.

III

Yvonne Arnoton closed the door slowly and went back to the salon where her mother was seated once more at the piano, playing softly. Yvonne sat down again on the divan and took up her album of paintings. However, her mind was not on art; she spoke.

"Mother, wasn't he nice?"

"Yes, dear, and I was very glad to see him again," said Madame.

"But I don't mean Wallace; I mean his friend, Jimmie."

"Monsieur Reid was indeed very handsome and tall.

"Such nice eyes and hair. You know, he reminds of father."

"Yes," said Madame, "your father was handsome too—when he was young. He has kept his looks well for an older man. This young American reminds me also of your father. If he were only a French type . . ."

Yvonne came over and leaned her pretty head against the mother's shoulder. After a pause, she spoke.

"Mother, this Jimmie . . . Like father, I am in . . ."

Madame stopped her.

Yvonne left the next day to return to Y. M. C. A. work behind the lines. She took with her a sketching outfit, as she considered this a good opportunity to get some good scenes. For several days her work kept her busy, since there had been heavy fighting the preceding days in that sector. However, one afternoon she was off duty for a while; and, taking a canvass and some pencils, walked through a wood by a shell-torn road toward the scene of a recent battle. The dead had not been removed yet, but grave digging parties were at work.

A ruined farmhouse attracted attention as a good subject. It had been the scene of a hard fought machine gun nest; dismantled guns and riddled bodies showed the price paid for its capture. A disabled tank stood at the edge of a nearby shell crater, the front end blown entirely away.

She set up a portable easel, arranged her canvass, and set her pencils for use. She turned her attention to the figures. The carriage of the nearest gun was splintered. Two dead Boche soldiers lay near the re-

mains and another one a little farther away. On the parapet lay one doughboy, face downward, a pistol still clutched in an outstretched hand. Another American soldier decorated the shambles of the emplacement. He was lying, also face down, across the knees of a large Boche infantryman. Yvonne considered this man; she should like to get his facial expression.

She climbed down the farther side of the pit, took the American by the shoulder strap, and heaved him over on his back. One of the outflung hands struck her as she did so. A stub of a pencil and a dirty piece of paper fluttered to the torn earth. There was writing on the paper almost illegible beneath the grime. She barely made it out. In a small feminine hand—her own—was written, "I love you, very much, Jimmie," and below in a weak scrawling masculine, "And I you—Yvonne." She turned to the dead face; it was almost unrecognizable. Although streaked with blood, with a smashed-in cheek bone, and dirty, the face was Jim's, the mouth smiling even while drawn with pain. Yvonne kissed the bloody, stiff lips; and her tears made salty rivulets on his whole cheek.

The sun set over the quiet battlefield on the spot where the road merged with the horizon. Silhouetted against the red glow, Yvonne returned sadly to the Y. M. C. A. headquarters. They moved that night to another section. The Boche once again shelled the vicinity of the farmhouse, feeling for a soft spot. The ruin was ground to dust. The broken tank was erased.



In waters of an unknown land,
Where sorrow is not known,
The voyage of my ship began
And out to sea 'twas blown.

For years, I think, my ship will sail,
The waters of life's sea ;
I'll do my best and will not fail ;
My trust will be in Thee.

If ever woe should come my way,
My ground I'll always stand,
And never will I flinch away
But make myself a man.

When darkness comes upon the day,
And night winds cover me ;
"Successfully," my friends can say,
"His ship has sailed the sea."

R. A. HALE, AGED 12.



ATHLETICS



CAPTAINS

Hinds	Basketball
Kenney	Football, Hockey
White	Track, Baseball



MANAGERS

Mr. Farrell	Athletic Director
Lovett	Baseball
Hamilton	Basketball
Alexander	Hockey
Lawson	Football, Track

T H E M I L E S T O N E



FOOTBALL

Lawrence Kenney	Captain
Mr. W. J. Comerford	Coach
Leonard Lawson	Manager

THE TEAM

Back Row—How, Hinds, Hart, White, Sawyer, Lawson.
 Middle Row—Calderwood, Bridges, J. W., Schultz, Kenney, Griggs, Kitteridge.
 Front Row—Bridges, J. S., Pickering, Bottger, May.

FOOTBALL

WITH only one veteran of last year's line to build upon, Coach "Tony" Comerford found the task of developing a line of the calibre of the backfield too great. He did not have any substitutes for the line, and as a result the brilliant backfield was unable to prove its real worth. All the material was green, and only in one game,

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the Amesbury game, did the team play as a unit. Taking all things into consideration, it must be said, even though the scores do not indicate it, that the season was a successful one. The nucleus of an excellent team will be left for next year, and the experience gained in one season's campaign should be of great value.

In every game, Dummer was outweighed by her opponents, and all of her opponents had many substitutes to Dummer's two or three. The Milton game showed this situation most strikingly. In this game Dummer played two Milton teams to a standstill, and at the end of the first half the score was only 7-0. Dummer had held the powerful Milton team as no team had held them during the season, but the second half told a different story. Milton sent a fresh team onto the field in the second half, and just as soon as a man weakened a substitute would be rushed in to take his place. Milton played 34 men in this game, and it is little wonder that they were able to defeat the plucky Dummer team which only had 13 men capable of playing. This same fact, although not so great in other games, was the situation in all the contests.

The Amesbury game was high mark of the season for Dummer. The team functioned perfectly, the only time it did so during the season, and Dummer swamped her by a score of 32-7.

Hinds and White performed brilliantly all season and tore off many gains. "Doc" was troubled with a bad knee; but when he was able to play, he was always smashing away. White was an ideal plunging full-back, and his defensive work was the feature of that side of the game in every contest. Kenney played steadily all season and developed into an excellent interfeerer. Sawyer, although he was in poor shape, proved that he will have to be carefully watched next season. "Bill" Hart at quarter-back used fine judgment all season, and his kicking was better than the average. The play of the line, except for Schultz who played his bear-like fighting game, was medium; but Griggs and Bottger showed all the earmarks of good football players. Next season should develop them into the driving type of linesmen who make a coach's heart happy.

The scores:

Oct. 3	Dummer Academy	18	Salem Industrial	0
Oct. 9	Dummer Academy	7	Brown & Nichols	7
Oct. 17	Dummer Academy	0	Sanborn	13
Oct. 24	Dummer Academy	32	Amesbury	7
Oct. 31	Dummer Academy	0	Milton Academy	33
Nov. 7	Dummer Academy	0	Allen School	19



BASKETBALL

John Hinds	Captain
Mr. F. J. Reagan	Coach
Russell Hamilton	Manager

THE TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Reagan, McGinley, Kenney, Pillsbury, Hamilton.
 Front Row—Bottger, Hart, Van Etten, J., Hinds, Fitzsimmons, White.

BASKETBALL

THE basket-ball season was not the success it might have been, although this doesn't reflect on the team or Coach Reagan. Save in one instance, our team was more than enough competition for any of its opponents. The first handicap was that many of the teams we played were out of our class. The second was that Captain Hinds, the mainstay of the team, was forced by doctor's orders to remain in the gal-

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lery during several of the games. The fact that we started the season with but two veterans reflects credit on the coach and on the team itself. The team was not lacking in fight or spirit; the Sanborn game proved that. This game was tied up again and again during two overtime periods by both teams, until a Dummer man finally sunk the winning basket.

Two veterans, Captain Hinds and Fitzsimmons, reported to Coach Reagan at the beginning of the season. Hinds played forward or center, while Fitzsimmons also played forward. A battle royal ensued for the remaining positions, and they were finally captured by McGilney, forward, White and Pillsbury, guards, with Hart, Kenney, Van Etten, and Bottger first string subs.

Hinds was renowned for his fast dashes down the floor and his accurate shooting under the basket, as well as for his bewildering passing.

McGinley and Fitzsimmons made the spectacular, long shots, and were both very fast forwards.

Pillsbury developed into a fine defensive guard and spoiled many a good shot.

White played the other guard and was equally at home at either end of the floor, sinking a few baskets himself now and then.

The fact that we won but four games does not signify that we had a poor disorganized team. Of course, being a human institution, the team had its faults and made its mistakes; but it was a team that kept fighting and playing up to the last whistle, no matter what the score was.

Of the nine letter men five return next year. The experience these men have gained this year should be an important factor in building up a winning team next winter.

The scores

Dummer 29	Danvers	17
Dummer 12	Sir Galahad	19
Dummer 29	Sanborn Seminary	25
Dummer 21	St. George's	27
Dummer 44	De Witt Clinton	13
Dummer 12	Thayer Academy	11
Dummer 13	Milton	33
Dummer 21	Huntington	31
Dummer 13	St. John's	66
Dummer 31	Boston Normal Art	47
Dummer 5	Rivers School	23

T H E M I L E S T O N E



TRACK

Wesley White	Captain
Mr. F. E. Jarvis	Coach
Leonard Lawson	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—McGinley, Mr. Jarvis, Martinez.
Seated—Horr, White, Hinds, McKinney.

TRACK

IT would be no exaggeration to say that the track team of 1926, ably coached by Mr. Jarvis, was the best balanced team Dummer has seen for several years. There were but three meets held owing to several heavy falls of snow; with Gloucester High School, Haverhill High, and Brown and Nichols School. In each meet Dummer won decisively.

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Captain White and McGinley were the outstanding men on the track itself, while Horr and Hinds performed very creditably in the gym.

Captain White ran the 1000 and the 600, never losing either event, and also ran on the relay team.

McGinley specialized in the 20 yd. dash and the 300 yd. dash, breaking the tape first every time in both events.

Horr gave everyone a pleasant surprise in his high-jumping, being out-jumped but once.

Hinds, who was anchor man on the relay team, could always be relied upon to get his share of points with the iron shot. He was defeated but once, by Towne of Haverhill High, who, by putting the shot 40 feet, set up a new school record, previously held by Hinds with 38 feet.

Captain-elect McKinney developed into a very fast runner. He placed in the 20 and also in the 300 consistantly.

Martinez, a new boy, ran a good race in the 1000 and placed enough times to get his letter.

The relay team, McGinley, White, McKinney, Hinds, came through the season with a record unscatched, and compared favorably with any relay team we have yet had.

The nucleus of next year's team will probably consist of Calderwood and Sawyer, high-jumpers, and Cox, Wilson, Steinharter, and Hart, dash men. These boys, combined with McKinney and Martinez, should make a very creditable showing.

The scores

Dummer 31½	Gloucester 27½
Dummer 40	Haverhill High 19
Dummer 38	Brown & Nichols 21

THE POINT WINNERS

White	33¾	Horr	11
McGinley	23¾	Martinez	5
Hinds	18¾	Calderwood	2½
McKinney	11¾	Morrison	2
	Kenney	1	



BASEBALL

Wesley White Captain
 Mr. Francis Reagan Coach
 Roy Lovett Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Mr. Reagan, Van Etten, Haley, Hyams, Wilson, Sleeper, Fitzsimmons,
 Lovett.
 Seated—Hart, McGinley, White, Hinds, Calderwood, Kenney.

BASEBALL

THERE is no doubt about it; this year's baseball team is by far the best one the class of 1926 has seen at Dummer. Last year we went through a rather ordinary season, as far as scores go; but all the time our men were moulding themselves into real ball-players and were acquiring that training and polish which makes them look like leaguers this year.

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The high-light of our season thus far is the Middlesex game. This game gave undisputable proof of the quality and stability of our machine. Dummer held Middlesex scoreless, having collected three runs herself, until the ninth inning. Then Middlesex tied the score. From then on the game was tense and dramatic. Middlesex collected another run, but McGinley's home run made it useless. Finally, after three hours of playing, the game was called when a 12th inning had failed to break the deadlock.

The only defeat of the season was suffered at Thayer two days later. Naturally, after pitching all through the previous twelve-inning game, Captain White's arm was not in the best of shape, and he failed to maintain his usual standard. The game uncovered a future south-paw for Dummer, however, in the person of Wilson, a freshman. Wilson held the Thayer batters very well. The rest of the games have been well-earned victories by large margins.

Several combinations have been tried out, but the one that works the most smoothly is: Captain White and J. Van Etten, the battery; Calderwood, first base; McGinley, second base; Hart, short-stop; Hinds, third base; Wilson, right field; Kenney, center-field; and Sleeper, left-field. Bottger, Haley, and Hyams can retrieve at the bases when needs be, while Wilson and Fitzsimmons are good relief twirlers. McGinley, Hinds, and White are our heaviest hitters, poking out two and three-baggers consistently, McGinley also having three home-runs to his credit.

As we go to press, the season is not yet over; but its ultimate outcome is not the least bit doubtful. Good work, Mr. Reagan!

The scores:

Dummer 24	Traip Academy	7
Dummer 4	Middlesex	4
Dummer 2	Thayer	10
Dummer 18	Country Day	5
Dummer 17	DeWitt Clinton	2
Dummer 27	Traip	0
Dummer 8	Country Day	3
Dummer 5	Johnson High	4
Dummer 10	Manning High	6
Dummer	Practical Arts	
Dummer	Danvers High	



HOCKEY

Lawrence Kenney	Captain
Mr. W. J. Farrell	Coach
Frederick Alexander	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Lovett, English, Calderwood, Mr. Farrell, Fearnside, Wilson, Alexander.
Seated—Sawyer, Hart, Kenney, Schultz, Griggs, Hyams.

HOCKEY

UNDER the leadership of Captain "Larry" Kenney this year's hockey team had a short, though successful, season. Poor weather conditions greatly handicapped the team which, however, emerged from the cold and snow-drifts with a victory hanging from its belts. This achievement, the first a Dummer hockey team has gained for many years, was made at the expense of Manning High, of

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Ipswich. The score was 2-1, with Griggs and Hyams scoring Dummer's goals. This game was the first of the season, and we all looked forward to more victories; but lack of practise due to weather conditions was too much of a handicap for the boys, and another victory was not obtained.

The boys played good hockey in the remaining games, but the hoodoo that has camped year after year on Dummer's trail could not be shaken. Just when Dummer had apparently worn down the opposing team, something would go wrong and a goal would be scored in the last few minutes that decided the game. It was heart-breaking, but try as they would the boys could not make victory perch on their banner.

Only Captain Kenney and Schultz, two of the best defense men Dummer has had in recent years, will be lost to next year's team. The loss will be a severe blow, however, as the poke-checking and body-checking of this pair was the feature of every game this season. In Sawyer, who seems at home in the net, next year's team will have an excellent goalie. Wilson, Hart, and Hyams played a good forward game this year, and they should be able to give the opposing teams much food for thought next year. Griggs at center ice developed rapidly, and we sincerely trust that his brilliant stick-handling and lightning-like shots will meet with much more success next season. Little "Tommy" Fearnside played a splendid game all season. He is rather light, his lack of weight handicapping him greatly; but he packs a remarkably fast and accurate shot, and we expect to hear great things about him. Calderwood and English were the all-around substitute men, and they should show up better next year, when they will have an opportunity to fill in the vacant defense positions. "Lou" Lovett was Sawyer's understudy, and he proved to be a very capable one. Much credit for the showing of the team is deserved by Head Coach Walter J. Farrell and his assistant, Phillip B. Skerrye. Next year's team, with so many veterans on it, should be the best in recent years.

The scores:

Dummer	2	Manning	1
Dummer	0	Thayer	1
Dummer	0	Stone School	1

GOLF PROSPECTS

THE golf team is looking forward to another successful season. The course is rapidly rounding into shape, and Coach Skerrye can soon get a good idea of what his men are good for. Of last year's team English, the number two man and Schultz the number four man, returned. A good sized squad is out, and from this number two others should be chosen of good ability. English seems capable of taking the lead off position, and Schultz should move up; but Griggs, Wilson, and Fearnside will give him hot battles all the way. An extensive schedule is planned, Phillips Exeter, Newton High, Lowell High, and Thayer Academy are expected to be played.

The scores:

Dummer 5	St. Johns	1
Dummer 3	Thayer	3
Dummer 2	Beverly	3
Dummer 7	Burdett	0
Dummer 2	Manchester	3
Dummer 1	Newton	4
Dummer 5 ½	St. Johns	½
Dummer 0	Exeter	6
Dummer 6	Manchester	4
Dummer	Beverly	



T H E M I L E S T O N E



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Howard WhyteCaptain
Mr. G. SmithCoach

THE TEAM

Back Row—Tate, Best, Bell, Mr. Smith, Steinharter, Sheafe, Cox, M.
Middle Row—McKenzie, Walker, Hale, Whyte, Wayne, Morrill, Gove,
Front Row—Grant, Chandler, Cutler, Whitehead.

DUMMER ACADEMY LETTER MEN

Hart	4	Schultz, N.	2
Hinds	4	Van Etten	2
Kenney	4	Wilson	2
White	4	Bridges, J. S.	1
Calderwood	3	Bridges, J. W.	1
McGinley	3	English	1
Alexander	2	Fearnside	1
Bottger	2	Haley	1
Fitzsimmons	2	Hamilton	1
Griggs	2	Kitteridge	1
Horr	2	Martinez	1
Hyams	2	May	1
Lawson	2	McKinney	1
Lovett	2	Pickering	1
Sawyer	2	Pillsbury	1
Sleeper	1		





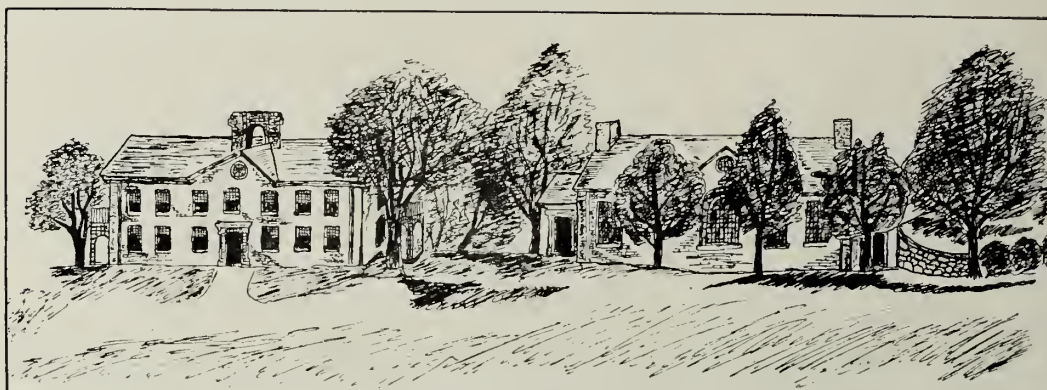




AROUND THE CAMPUS

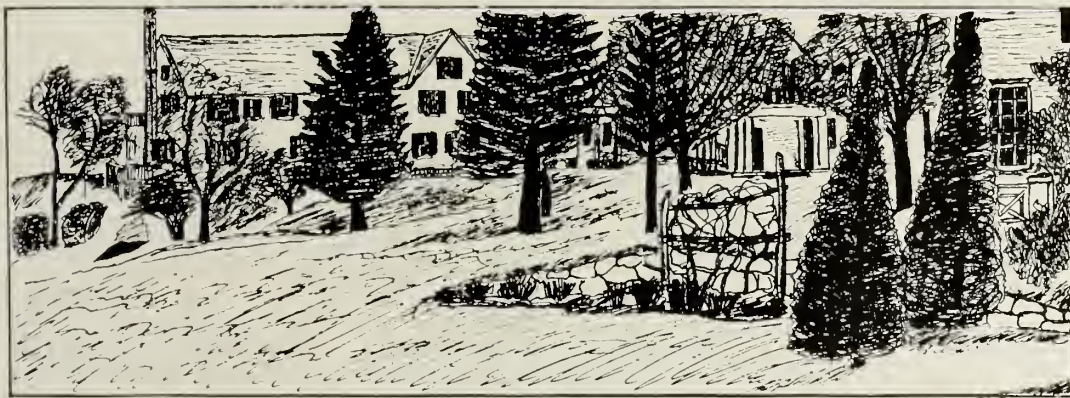
F.E. Jarvis

T H E M I L E S T O N E



Oft in the stillly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:

T H E M I L E S T O N E



Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—T. Moore.

T H E M I L E S T O N E



LANG GYMNASIUM

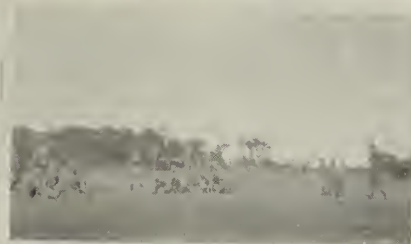


LANG GYMNASIUM—INTERIOR

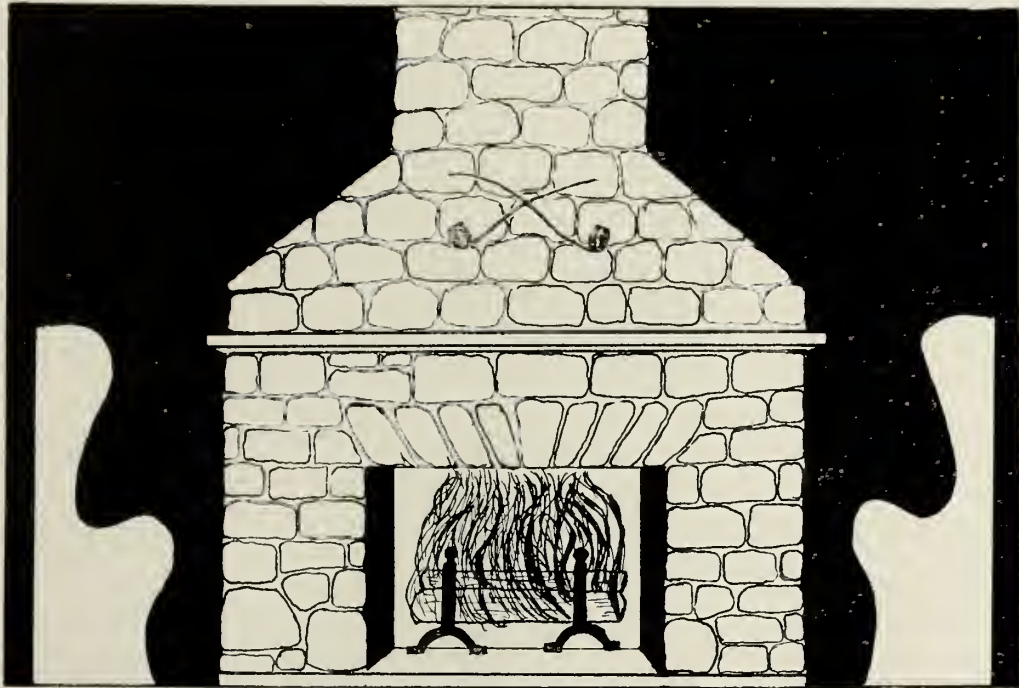
T H E M I L E S T O N E



MANSION HOUSE—1718







ORGANIZATIONS

T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE MILESTONE BOARD

Standing: McGinley, Schultz, Hinds

Seated: May, Mr. Jarvis, Kenney



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Lovett, Woodward, Griggs, Hinds
Seated: Chandler, May, Kenney, McKinney



THE ARCHON BOARD

Standing: May, McGinley, Hart, Haley

Seated: English, Mr. Farrell, McKinney



OFFICERS OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Standing: English, Morrison

Seated: Budgell, Mr. Lehmann, Horr



JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE

Standing: Pickering, Calderwood
Seated: Cox, Haley, McKinney

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

THE Student Council is the student-governing body. It is composed of two boys elected from the Senior Class, two from the Junior Class, and one from the Sophomore and Freshman classes respectively. Elections are held twice during the school year. Each council elects its Chairman. The election to this office ranks among the highest honors the school has to offer. The powers of the Student Council extend from ordinary discipline to actual suspension. The Council is forced but rarely to use its suspension power; but occasionally questions of a serious nature have come up, all of which have been dealt with very satisfactorily.

The Student Council:

First Half-Year

Gerald May, *Chairman*
Lawrence W. Kenney
John Hinds
Frank L. McKinney
Adolph Matthes
John Chandler

Last-Half Year

Lawrence W. Kenney, *Chairman*
John Hinds
Frank L. McKinney
Edmund Woodward
Richard Griggs
Roy Lovett



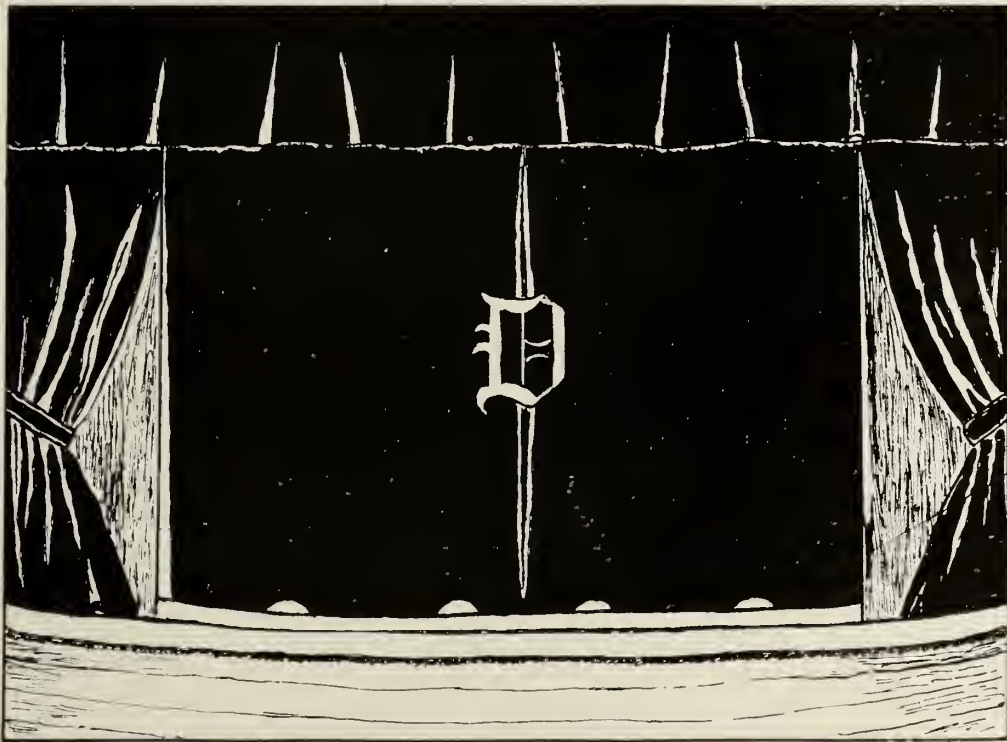
THE ARCHON

THE *Archon* is the school paper, published by the students of Dummer Academy 12 times during the school year. One of its most important functions is to keep the alumni in touch with the doings of the school, and to this end it has proved very valuable. Positions on the staff are open on a competitive basis, the candidate's ability being the deciding factor. The services which Mr. Farrell renders to this organization are indispensable, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank him on behalf of the Board.

The *Archon* board of 1925-26:

Editor-in-Chief	John P. English '27
Associate Editors	Gerald May '26, Robert J. McGinley '26, James W. Bridges '27
Business Manager	Frank L. McKinney '27
Assistant Manager	George M. Haley '27
Circulation Manager	Edward Hart '28
Faculty Advisor	Mr. Walter J. Farrell





DRAMATICS

T H E M I L E S T O N E



DRAMATICS

THE Dramatic Club represents the newest organization on our campus. It has been well received and well supported and will, no doubt, become a permanent institution. It is the intention of the Dramatic Club to be absolutely self-supporting—no very easy thing to do when one considers royalties, the cost of sets and scenery, and other miscellaneous but necessary properties. As it is, the club has broken even in its expenditures and receipts, and shows a balance consisting of two complete sets of scenery, a curtain, and sundry properties. The scenery was painted by Mr. Jarvis, whose deftness with the paint brush thereby rendered invaluable services. The work this year paved the way for a good start next year and enabled Mr. Lehmann to discover just how much talent there is in the school.

To Mr. Lehmann for the most part belongs the credit for the success of this organization. He was responsible for its origin and was its mainstay thereafter. Mr. Smith also loaned his services in coaching two of the plays.

It has been the aim and purpose of the Dramatic Club not only to give the boys an opportunity to appear before the public but also to aid in the general rounding-out of their education at Dummer. For that reason plays have been selected which cover the entire field of drama, with the possible exception of sentimental love dramas, from stark tragedy to uproarious comedy.

Three series of one-act plays have been presented: "Moonshine" and "Trash"; "A Night in an Inn", "The End of the Rope", and "Not Quite Such a Goose"; and "The Medicine Show", "Nevertheless", "Sham", and "A Thief by Night".

A key will be awarded each year at Commencement to any Junior or Senior who has appeared in two plays during his junior or senior year or during both, subject to the approval of the coach of those plays. This year the following men will receive keys: J. W. Bridges, Budgell, Griggs, Hamilton, Kenney, Lane, Lawson, Horr, May, Pickering, Morrison, and English.

The cast of characters:

MOONSHINE

By Arthur Hopkins

Luke Hazy, a moonshiner Richard C. Griggs
 Revenue Officer Norton Pickering

T H E M I L E S T O N E

TRASH

By Lloyd Thanhouser

A Tramp	Russell D. Hamilton
A Kid	James W. Bridges
A Cop	Gerald May

A NIGHT AT AN INN

By Lord Dunsany

A. E. Scott-Fortesque (the Toff)	James W. Bridges
William Jones (Bill)	Russell D. Hamilton
Albert Thomas	L. W. Kenney
Jacob Smith (Sniggers)	Richard Griggs
First Priest of Klesh	Gerald May
Second Priest of Klesh	Warren Lane
Third Priest of Klesh	Leonard Lawson
Klesh	Albert W. Horr

THE END OF THE ROPE

By Lloyd Thanhouser

Old Man	Gerald May
Young Man	Albert Horr

NOT QUITE SUCH A GOOSE

By Elizabeth Gale

Mrs. Bell (a happy mother)	James Budgell
Albert Bell (her seventeen-year-old son)	Forrest Morrill
Sylvia Bell (her daughter)	Warren Lane
Philip Flick (Sylvia's sweetheart)	Norton Pickering
Hazel Henderson (Sylvia's friend)	Leonard Lawson

T H E M I L E S T O N E

NEVERTHELESS

By Stuart Walker

A Boy	Forrest Morrill
A Girl	Stuart McKenzie
A Burglar	Eben Jackson

THE MEDICINE SHOW

By Stuart Walker

Giz	Russell D. Hamilton
Lut'er	Russell Scott
Dr. Stev'n Van Dexter	Richard Griggs

SHAM

By Frank O. Tompkins

Charles (a householder)	Warren Lane
Clara (his wife)	Leonard Lawson
The Thief	Gerald May

A THIEF BY NIGHT

Adapted from E. Phillips Oppenheim's short story of the same title by
Mr. F. E. Jarvis for the *Dummer Academy Dramatic Club*.

M. Armand Paul de Mellet, Marquis de Severan	Roland Chase
Sir Henry Melhampton, Master of Melhampton Manor ..	Richard Griggs
George Melhampton (his son)	Norton Pickering
Phyllis, (Sir Henry's daughter)	Leonard Lawson
Dowdswell (keeper of Melhampton Inn)	Norman Schultz
Mrs. Dowdswell (his wife)	Walter J. Budgell
"Granfer" Crocombe	Lawrence Kenney
Harry Foulds (a young horse dealer)	George Haley
Tom Baker (keeper of the local garage)	Russell D. Hamilton
Mr. Scroggins (a butcher)	James Van Etten
Police Constable Chopping	Gerald May

Officers of *The Dummer Academy Dramatic Club*

Walter J. Budgell, *President*

John P. English, *Vice President*

Albert Horr, *Secretary*

William C. Morrison, *Treasurer*

Mr. P. W. Lehmann, *Faculty Advisor*

Elvin H. Cox *Properties* Linwood Brown





THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET

(From *The Archon*)

ON the evening of Dec. 12 Dummer had its turn at honoring the grid-iron heroes. A banquet was given in the school dining hall. Dr. Ingham acting as toastmaster introduced Mr. Smith who coached the juniors. The following were awarded their junior letters: Bell, Best, Chandler, Cox, Cutler, Fearnside, Gove, Hall, McKenzie, Morrill, Sheafe, Steinharter, Tate, Walker, Whitehead, Wagner and Capt. Whyte. Whyte in a short speech thanked Mr. Smith for his coaching and the rest of the team for their coordination and spirit. In closing he presented Mr. Smith with a combination set pen and pencil. The Juniors had one of the most successful teams of the past few years losing only two games out of seven and those by scant margins. Mr. Reagan then presented the following with the second team insignia: Burch, Cox, Padula, Brown, Albiani, Fitzsimmons, Jackson, Lane, Jones, Palmer, McKinney, Lovett and C. Schultz.

Coach Comerford was then introduced and received a tremendous ovation. In opening he told of the values and benefits derived from football. One of the most important lessons being that of coordinating with others for one main end. He stated that he firmly believed that football was not played to lose. He sees no glory in defeat. After thanking the team for their sacrifice and spirit he touched on the more prominent sporting topic of the day. He thinks that Owen must have been misintrepreted in saying that he didn't like football. He said in no uncertain terms that he loved football. During the last few weeks of the season he admitted that the practice sessions became a bit tiresome and he often felt that he would have been as well off without practice. He feels that football is played for an ideal, this ideal making the team work as it never would for anything else. Pecuniary ideals are nothing compared to the college man's ideals and the game as the professionals play it is not football and should not be so called. He saw Grange play in Boston and saw nothing in the game as he played it. He then awarded varsity letters, to the following: Alexander, Bottger, White, Hart, Horr, Calderwood, Kitteridge, J. S. Bridges, Pickering, Griggs, N. Schultz, May, Hinds, Sawyer, Lawson, and Kenney. Captain-elect Sawyer was called on and thanked the coach for the foundation he had given them and hoped that he would be with them next year. He also thanked the team for their expression of confidence in him. Captain Kenney thanked the team and supporters for their help,

lauded the scrubs for their work in the development of the varsity. He wished Sawyer a successful season and good cooperation.

A telegram arrived from Forsberg and Whalen of last year's eleven sending their best wishes to the incoming and outgoing captains and wishing they were with us. Dr. Ingham addressed the assembly telling of the view point of the more aged in watching a football game. They come to see the spirit and not the skill. Anyone who has the qualities in him that make a good football player will make a real man. One has to give all he has and hold back nothing.

The few outside guests present were Mr. F. E. Smith, Mr. George F. Learned, Mr. and Mrs. Bottger, Mr. and Mrs. Whyte, Mr. Calderwood, and Mr. C. I. Somerby.

THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL DANCE

THE annual football dance was held in the Lang Gymnasium on Saturday evening, November 14th. It was more or less of a family affair; very few of the male element outside the school proper were present. The Gym was simply but tastefully decorated. "Ted" Wright's Orchestra of Newburyport furnished the music. Cider and doughnuts were served during the intermission. The patronesses; Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Brown, Miss Robinson, and Mrs. Kimball. Captain Kenney and "Doc" Hinds were the committee in charge.



CHRISTMAS TREE

THE final social event of the old year was given in the form of a house Christmas tree on December 17th. This is one of the old standbys in school tradition and never fails in its power to amuse. This year Mr. Webber was chosen to play Santa and although the chimney stunt would have proven too much for him, the exclusion of this gave him a chance to enjoy himself. Certainly the receivers did not, and many were reminded of their shortcomings in a pointed way.

Part of the act is for the person receiving to stand up in a chair and open his present before his comrades who are well aware of his shortcomings and weaknesses. Mr. Webber and his committee used good judgment and some of the gifts were quite to the point.

THE MID-YEAR PROM

THE first dance of the winter term was held in the gymnasium on the evening of February 6. The interior was tastefully decorated with all the pomp and glory that banners can give. The feature of the evening was the orchestra, "The Tufts College Missourians" who rival the best orchestras ever brought to the Academy. Because of the severe snow storm many who planned to be guests were unable to get here, but a sufficient crowd was present to make the event an enjoyable one. During the intermission refreshments consisting of punch, ice-cream and cake were served.

J. S. Bridges and Norman Schultz were the committee in charge and a vote of thanks is due them for the experienced and smooth manner in which they carried off the affair.

THE JUNIOR PROM

(From the *Archon*)

THE much heralded Junior Prom came off in due style at the Ould Newbury Golf Club on May 8. To say that it was a success is to put it mildly. The committee outdid themselves in all respects, and everything from the grandeur of the decorations to the completeness of all the smaller details was carefully planned and executed. Excellent music was furnished by the Tufts College Missourians, eleven pieces strong, who made a great hit all around. More than fifty young ladies invaded the premises to enjoy the annual event and their wishes were more than fulfilled. After Dummer's walkover on the home diamond in the afternoon, all were in high spirits for the occasion. A supper was served at the club to those who attended, at six thirty. The affair was strictly formal; dance orders were in order, and each member of the fair sex was presented with a compact suitably engraved to commemorate the event. The catering was taken care of in a flawless manner by John Edwards, the popular and efficient chef of the club; and his punch, ice cream, and cake left nothing to be desired. The hall was decorated with blue and gold streamers above and detailed *objets d'art* around the walls. Ferns and geraniums decorated the walls. The party was ended with the usual noise-making and confetti-throwing. The patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Budgell, Mrs. Pickering, Mrs. Pillsbury, Mrs. Calderwood, Mrs. Morse and Miss Brown. The committee in charge were: George Haley, chairman, Frank McKinney, Elvin Cox, Norton Pickering and John Calderwood.

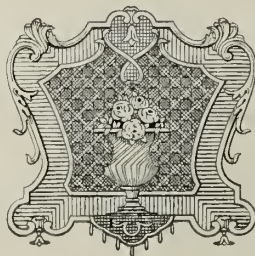


THE PAGEANT

ON September 26, the historical pageant of Dummer Academy was presented on the school grounds before a large and enthusiastic audience. The pageant portrayed the early Colonial days of New England and the establishing of Dummer Academy by Governor Dummer of the Massachusetts colony. Mrs. Hazel Hammond Albertson wrote the pageant and directed it with the aid of Mrs. Paul Capron.

The day was perfect, with a clear blue sky overhead, and the air was balmy. The stage, a natural one and far superior to an imported setting, was an open amphitheatre gently sloping upwards in the rear to the top of a small knoll. The side of the knoll was studded with small pine trees that gave an atmosphere of reality to the scenes. The wilderness, present in the early days, and the whooping of the Indians brought back long forgotten feelings of bitterness to the minds of many of the audience.

The cast consisted of about 50 characters, many of whom are present members of Dummer Academy. It was very unique to have the students of today impersonating students of many years ago. The players were in the costumes of the times depicted, and each one gave a most successful presentation of an ancient person. Dr. and Mrs. Ingham played the part of Governor and Lady Dummer. The same house that the Dummers inhabited is now the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ingham. This along with the fact that a descendant of Richard Dummer, Joseph Dummer, of Newbury, played his part, was an interesting coincidence of character portrayal.





T H E M I L E S T O N E





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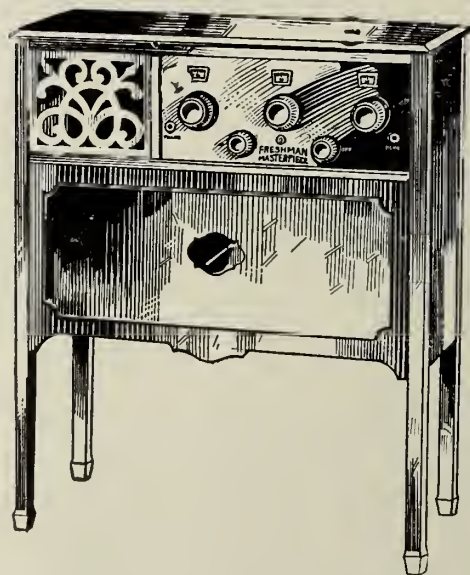
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